

GHOST TRACKERS NEWSLETTER

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Ghost Trackers Newsletter

The Ghost Trackers Newsletter is the official paranormal publication of the Ghost Research Society. The GRS was founded in 1978 by Martin V. Riccardo and this publication soon followed in September of 1982. It is published and edited by Dale D. Kaczmarek, President and is put out in February, June and October.

The **Ghost Research Society** is a membership organization devoted to collecting, analyzing and researching all forms of the paranormal with an emphasis on ghosts, hauntings, poltergeists and life after death. Different memberships are available for those wishing to become more actively involved. We are also looking for officers, State Coordinators, Field Investigators and Area Research Directors for various states and countries.

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Official GRS Website: www.ghostresearch.org.



I am anxiously awaiting the advent of the warmer weather, as I'm not a cold-weather-fan. I enjoy the summer and our out-of-state research trips.

Windy City Ghosts is well on it's way to becoming a book and should be officially out in late March or early April...just in time for the upcoming AGS Conference.

Troy Taylor is again putting together another quality conference in downstate Alton,

Illinois. Beginning July 28th and running through the weekend it is the one event that no one should miss!! Renowned author, Rosemary Ellen Guiley, will give a talk as well as some other quality speakers. I will be signing copies of my book throughout the conference and will present a lecture entitled, "*True Chicagoland Ghost Stories*" which will go into much of my personal research into the Chicagoland area and *Windy City Ghosts*.

I will also be presenting a intensive hands-on lecture seminar at the close of Friday's events. Troy will be conducting two ghost tours of haunted Alton, which are different from last year's tours and are not to be missed. I have always enjoyed being a part of this conference and sitting back and listening to the interesting stories on his bus tours.

Don't delay, order your conference tickets either online at: (www.prairieghosts.com) or call toll-free at 888-GHOSTLY.

California Area Research Director, John J. Lamb, has recently written a book "*San Diego Specters*" which I have read. It is an excellent representation of southern California ghost stories and Ghost Trackers

Newsletter contributor, Maurice Schwalm, has just published "*MoKan Ghosts*". The latter is a case by case study of all of Mr. Schwalm's investigations in Missouri and Kansas.

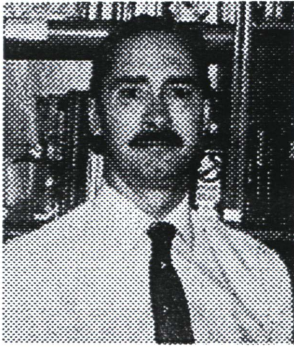
I also wish to thank: Ed Okonowicz for his latest book "*Horror In The Hallway*"; Lucy Solis, Brandon Kutka, Randy Liebeck, Donna Boonstra for the newspaper clippings; Martin Zalewicz and all the others who sent in unusual photographs for analysis. Please be patient as I have been swamped with email attachments and hard copies of photographs due to the release of "*Real Ghostbusters*", a Discovery Channel show documenting the various cases of a number of paranormal researchers. John Cachel, Jim Graczyk, Stan Suho, Howard Hight and myself were all a part of the Danaka Fay investigation in Chicago. Michael Hoff Productions, who actually filmed the segment for the Discovery Channel, did a truly excellent job in representing our work and made us look like true professionals! My compliments go out to Sarah Kass and the entire production crew of Michael Hoff Productions. If you missed the show, logon to the Discovery Channel website (www.discoverychannel.com) and you can find out how to order your own personalized copy of the show.

I have recently upgraded my Internet connection to a cable modem which gives me much more speed for the WWW. My email address remains the same (dkaczmarek@ghostresearch.org).

EDITOR



Ghost Research Society



I would like to welcome Jennifer Maurer and Shawn Francis as new Patron members; Alex Soudah as a new Contributing member; Margaret Podrazik and Edward Merritt as

new Sustaining members and Shinichiro Namiki from Tokyo for recently upgrading to a Lifetime membership. Since our last newsletter we have added 5 new members and received renewals from 7 veteran members. Welcome and thank you!

Thanks to all of you who sent and exchanged both Halloween and Christmas cards! It's always nice to be remembered around the holidays and it's much appreciated.

We are planning a number of outings this year for the Active GRS members. Of course, we will be attending the AGS Conference in July 2000 in Alton and hopefully will be invited to visit the investigate the haunted Lemp Mansion in St. Louis. We are planning on leaving for the conference on Thursday morning and after checking into our motels, we would leave for St. Louis. Also, time permitting, I would be leading a small group to the haunted former Civil War prison in Alton for an investigation.

Besides that we have already been involved in a couple of haunted house investigations including one quite recently in Franklin Park, Illinois. Besides some strange reactions by several animals there, the owners have heard glasses tinkling behind the basement bar, heard whispering sounds upstairs in a hallway near the bathroom, saw

a human-like shadow or figure pass by the doorway separating the kitchen and the front room and misplaced objects. We investigated and were able to pick up several strange orbs on nightvision cameras and some unexplained sounds in the basement. A follow-up is perhaps in order.

I am in the works with Stacey McArdle for a possible investigation into a Crystal Lake theater and a private home in Morris, Illinois. More on those when more information becomes available.

Besides all of this, there will probably be one or two public field excursions planned for the Active GRS members as well as our regularly scheduled bi-monthly meetings. So, you see there is much in the works for the first year of the new century.

Stan Suho has been diligently upgrading and building new equipment for the GRS including a Spectrum Analyzer to be used in conjunction with the wireless FM transmitter, an analog to digital converter and he recently purchased another laptop computer so we can now run both the GEIST program and the Spectrum Analyzer simultaneously.

I am working on two new books for possible publication later this year. One will be on Spooklights and the other will be more on Chicago ghosts. I hope to find the time to finish both of these this year.



The Ghost of The Great Iron Ship

Richard Senate



In 1857, on the banks of the Thames River near London, England, an army of workmen began to build one of the wonders of the Nineteenth Century. It was a gigantic iron ship the like of which the world had never

known. It was five times larger than the biggest ships ever built. She was designed to carry four thousand passengers - twice as many as the RMS Queen Mary. She was, when completed, 693 feet long, 120 feet wide and displaced 22,500 tons! The great iron ship was powered with two sets of steam engines, the very best of their day, one engine turned a twenty-four screw, the other, twin fifty-eight foot paddle wheels. The engines were assisted by 6,500 square yards of sails arranged on six masts. When designed, it was planned that the huge ship be illuminated with electric lights! These were arc lamps first developed by Mr. W. E. Staite in 1847. The mammoth ship was designed to carry enough coal to steam around the world without refueling!

The gigantic vessel was the brain-child of genius Isambard Kingdom Brunel. In the British Empire, he was known by the nickname "The Little Giant". He built tunnels, bridges, railroads and steamships but this new project was to be his crowning

achievement. The ship was the first in the world to be built with a double hull of iron plates riveted together with over three million rivets. There was a space between the two hulls where the gang of two hundred men worked six days a week, twelve hour shifts, to build the great craft. Five men died in the construction of the ship and the builders were impressed with the low casualty, they had expected more workers deaths in the monumental task. But one of the riveters vanished in the work and never turned up! It was thought that he had been accidentally sealed in one of the sections of the double hull! It is thought that his cries for help were muffled out by the constant hammering of the riveters. The ghostly riveter would haunt the ship throughout her career. Passengers would report hearing hammering in the hull, crewmen joined them in hearing the phantom pounding. The ship was launched in 1857 with more loss of life and named the Leviathan. The builders changed her name to The Great Eastern and she would go down in history with that name.

The ship would become a massive white elephant to her owners. So many fortunes were lost in running the ship that many started to believe she might be under some form of jinx or hoodoo. Many of the problems linked to the Great Eastern were caused by her advanced construction and untested technologies but her financial problems can be credited to poor use of the

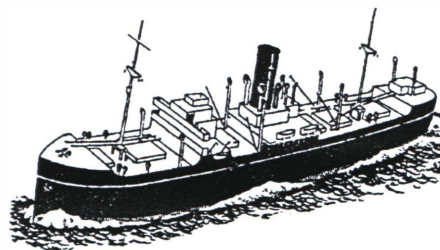
ship and bad business choices. Though designed to carry four thousand she never carried more than a few hundred passengers. Though designed for the far east she was placed on the North Atlantic Run between England and New York. She tried to meet the needs of first class passengers rather than try for the lucrative immigrant trade. Sailing into New York the ship hit a deep rock ripping a long gash in her outer hull. The fact that the ship was double hulled saved her from sinking. The rock, unknown up to that time, is still marked on the charts as The Great Eastern Rock. Limping into New York the ship faced a real problem - there were no dry docks in the world large enough to repair the ship! A wooden cover dam was constructed around the hull by an enterprising American company and new plates riveted to the gash. During this repair the story of the trapped riveter once again surfaced as the workers heard pounding from deep within the ship. They refused to work fearing the ghost! A spiritualist was even brought in to communicate with the unfortunate riveter but was sent away when they discovered that the odd pounding sounds were caused by a loose metal swivel hitting the hull as the ship rocked in the swell. The ghost would even haunt one of her last cruises, one in which a young writer, Jules Vern, sailed to America. He was so impressed by the size of the Great Eastern that it inspired him to write one of his early science fiction books. It was only as a cable laying ship did the great iron ship ever become successful laying the first trans-Atlantic cable between the old and new worlds. In 1890 the ship was sold for scrap and broken up. When they began to take apart the two hulls near the waterline they discovered the skeleton of the phantom riveter next to his rusted tools. It would be

years before another ship, longer would be launched but the great iron ship had proven that such things were indeed possible and as such she is the great grandfather of all the passenger liners that followed.

Submitted by: Richard Senate, Special Consultant to the GRS, 10061 Carlyle St., Ventura, CA. 93004.

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Spirits of the Dakota

Lee Holloway

In his 1967 novel, *Rosemary's Baby*, Ira Levin described the apartment building in which he set his story as "old, black and elephantine...a warren of high-ceilinged apartments prized for their fireplaces and Victorian detail." Although he called his fictional building "The Bradford" and added several floors, any New Yorker reading the book knew immediately this was simply a thinly disguised description of the Dakota. After all, what other 19th century New York City apartment house had "weird gargoyles and creatures climbing up and down between the windows?"

The architectural style of the Dakota is essentially German Renaissance, but incorporates other styles, and can best be described as eclectic. However, the building's roof, with its gables, turrets, towers, peaks, wrought-iron fences, chimneys and finials, is its most distinctive and spectacular feature. Nicknamed "The Dracula" because of its dark, forbidding appearance, the Dakota is actually constructed of light, buff-colored stone darkened by years of New York grime. The edifice was cleaned a few years' ago, but because it is now surrounded by taller buildings which cast long, dark shadows on three sides, its appearance is no less sinister. (The cover photograph shows the Dakota as it appeared in 1890.)

Of interest, the apartment complex surrounds an H-shaped courtyard with gates on four sides. The 73rd Street entrance has

come to be known as "the undertaker's gate" and is opened only when a Dakota resident leaves home for the last time. It is estimated the gate opens about once a year which means since 1884, there have been more than 100 deaths in the building.

No one was really surprised when in 1969, film crews arrived at the Dakota to shoot many of the scenes in the movie version of *Rosemary's Baby* starring MIA Farrow. For several days, a bloodied corpse representing the young woman who leaped to her death lay in the courtyard. The mannequin looked so real, many passers-by thought someone had actually jumped.

Of course, *Rosemary's Baby* was just a movie and so far as is known, sinister devil-worshippers have never inhabited the Dakota, but the old building does seem to have more than its share of spooks.

Phantom of the Frankenstein monster

Author Rex Reed moved into the Dakota in the 1970s. One stormy night, he was making small talk with a doorman while waiting for a cab and during the conversation, casually mentioned that one former Dakota resident he would like to have met was William Henry Pratt, better known as Boris Karloff. Although Karloff died in 1969, the doorman, in a hushed conspiratorial tone, assured Reed, "He'll be back. Wait and see."

Apparently, Mr. Karloff, best known for his portrayal of the Frankenstein monster, only materializes on Halloween night. The

actor who looked somewhat fiendish, even out of costume, often told a sad tale. He claimed he set out a bowl of candy every Halloween, yet, none of the Dakota trick-or-treaters ever came to his door. The children associated him with the monsters he portrayed on screen and were frightened of him.

Melissa Howard grew up in New York and spent a lot of time with her friend Lauren who lived at the Dakota. One Halloween night several years' ago, Lauren invited Melissa and two other classmates for a sleep-over at her apartment. Melissa was excited because all of the kids considered the Dakota the perfect haunted house. That night, the four girls donned their costumes and knocked on door after door, demanding treats.

After awhile, Melissa noticed an odd-looking gentleman appeared to be following them. Every time she looked around, then he stood, silently watching the children. When the girls and several other trick-or-treaters entered the elevator and pushed the button for the 8th floor, the man got on with them and quickly moved to the rear of the car. Melissa, who by now, was concerned the stranger might be a pervert, decided she would get a good description when the elevator stopped. She was too polite to turn around and stare at the fellow even though she was wearing a Halloween mask. The elevator ascended to the 8th floor without making any other stops. Everyone exited the elevator and Melissa immediately turned to look at the man, but he was nowhere to be seen.

Melissa now believes she saw the ghost of Boris Karloff. Perhaps Karloff's spirit is simply attempting to join in the Halloween fun—something he was denied in life.

Dispelling evil

Once, while Melissa was visiting her Dakota friend, she noticed a partially-burned white candle in the kitchen window and beside it set a glass of water containing a whole, un-cracked egg. Also, at times, she detected an unusual, sweet odor in the apartment. When questioned, Lauren explained their Cuban maid did various spells and sprinkled strange powders on the rugs before vacuuming them in order to banish evil spirits. Lauren's mother added, "Carmen (the maid) is superstitious and she's convinced there's something evil lurking in the building and her hocus pocus is the only thing keeping whatever it is out of our apartment. I don't object. After all, it's a small price to pay for a competent, English-speaking maid with a bona fide green card!"

Smoke and fire on the 8th floor

So far as is known, Rex Reed has never encountered the late Boris Karloff, however, he did have an unsettling experience after moving into his 8th-floor apartment. Both Reed and workman renovating the unit often smelled pipe smoke of an exotic tobacco blend even though no one was smoking. Then, one night, after the men left and the apartment was safely locked, some scraps of wallpaper and other debris caught fire. The cause of the fire was never determined, however, the damage was extensive and the workmen had to start over.

Recalling the incident, Reed says, "It was horrible. When I came home, I thought, 'Welcome to The Dakota!' My God, this place really is haunted!"

The man who flips his wig

Edward Clark, the gentleman who commissioned construction of the Dakota, but died in 1882, two years before it was completed, also stalks the dark corridors of the aged structure. When construction

began on the nine-story luxury apartment house at One West 72nd Street, it was literally in the middle of nowhere and New York wags of the day referred to the project as "Clark's Folly."

People poked fun at Clark, saying the building was so remote, it may as well be in the Dakota Territory. (North and South Dakota were not states at the time.) Undaunted, Clark decided to capitalize on the idea and instructed his architect to incorporate arrow heads, sheaves of wheat, ears of corn, Indians and other Wild West motifs in the proliferation of carvings on the facade of the towering edifice. He had intended to call the building the Clark Apartments, but quickly changed its name to the Dakota.

Clark was a small, bearded, bespectacled man who wore a garish wig to cover his almost totally bald head. He specter, for reasons unknown, removes the fake hair and shakes it at people. Some believe Clark is demonstrating his anger at the desecration of his handsome building by some residents who remove carved marble mantels, woodwork and ornamental moldings in an attempt to "modernize" their apartments. Clark's spirit probably wonders why people who prefer ultra modern over Victorian magnificence choose to live at the Dakota.

Not ready to leave the Dakota

Jo Mielziner loved the Dakota as much as any resident ever had and kept scrapbooks of newspaper and magazine articles concerning the building. He often said he believed the old apartment house was haunted by a number of spirits and in 1976, when he died in a taxicab just outside the front door, his spirit apparently joined the others.

Shortly after his death, an employee

working in the basement saw a heavy snow shovel flung 20 feet across the room by unseen hands. Wilbur Ross, a tenant, watched dumbfounded as a massive metal bar floated across the room and landed at his feet. He stooped to pick it up, but the bar was so heavy he could not lift it. Locked doors opened and closed of their own accord and manual elevators moved up and down when no operators were present to turn the wheels. These manifestations continued several weeks and it was generally assumed old Jo Mielziner just wasn't ready to leave the Dakota.

The birthday gift

Back in the 50s, a group of workmen in the building reported a strange incident while working in a 5th-floor apartment. The front door was open and they heard what sounded like a ball bouncing in the hall. When they looked, they saw a little blond-haired girl dressed in a yellow taffeta dress and old-fashioned black shoes with buckles. The child was bouncing a red rubber ball and with a shy smile, announced, "It's my birthday." Shortly thereafter, one of the men fell through a stairway to his death. His co-workers decided the apparition was harbinger of doom.

Following the death of Jo Mielziner, a neighbor swore that a few days before he died, Mielziner told him he, too, had encountered the little girl in yellow, bouncing her ball just outside his door.

Shades of No. 77

In the Levin novel, Rosemary and Guy Woodhouse occupied Apt. 7-E, and Frank Andrews, who helped ready Apt. 77 for Gary Smith's occupancy, has drawn some parallels between *Rosemary's Baby* and his own experiences in the building. As an example, he points to the fact two women in the book are named Rosemary and Terry

which are the names of his two sisters.

Apartment 77 had belonged to actress Judy Holliday who died of cancer. Ms. Holliday's death was not an easy one and she languished many months in her seventh-floor apartment which, according to Andrews, was one of the most dismal places he had ever laid eyes on. The woodwork was all dark mahogany, some of the walls were grey, others had dreary wallpaper, and the kitchen was painted black. The place was unbelievably depressing and Andrews felt the apartment itself had somehow absorbed Ms. Holliday's final unhappy, pain-racked days. He was satisfied the place was haunted and his friend, Norvin Malone, claimed he felt "vibrations" and confirmed the unit was "definitely haunted."

It wasn't long before the men saw their first Dakota ghost, a boy of about 9 or 10-years-old. The lad was wearing the costume of another era and, according to Andrews, "gave off a strange outdoorsy, fresh-yet-musty odor." A few days' later, a second apparition, that of a young man in his early 20s, stood silently by and watched Malone as he worked. Malone recalls the phantom "was dressed in period costume close to Edwardian."

Norvin Malone often visited the Smiths after they moved into Apt. 77. One day, he saw what he described as "an aura of lights" around a large, stuffed animal. On another occasion, when the children were rolling around on the floor with the same toy, he casually remarked that the kids certainly enjoyed playing with the animal. "It's very strange," Gail Smith replied, "but at the other place where we lived before, the children would not play with that toy. It wasn't until me moved to the Dakota that they have taken it up so enthusiastically." Malone was convinced at least of the

specters of No. 77 had somehow entered the stuffed animal.

Helen Tuvim, Judy Holliday's mother, was quite distressed when she learned of the alleged haunting in her daughter's old apartment, but she wasn't surprised. "All her (Judy's) troubles happened in *that* apartment," the old woman lamented. "I can't even look at it. She got her divorce there. She got her cancer there."

A rose for a neglected mistress

One of the oldest spooks stalking the Dakota is that of a young dark-haired lady holding a single red rose. It is rumored the young woman was the mistress of a married man who lived in the building around the turn of the century. Heartbroken that her lover would not leave his wife and marry her, one night, she took her own life. At the moment of death, her wraith appeared in the dining room where her paramour and his wife were entertaining. Almost everyone at the table briefly glimpsed a young woman standing in the doorway leading to the living room. She was dressed in a flowing white gown and in her pale hands, she carried a rose of the deepest red imaginable.

The gentleman was so disturbed at seeing what was obviously the apparition of his mistress that he excused himself and hurried to her apartment a few blocks away. There he discovered the corpse of his beloved lying face up on her bed. She was wearing a white gown and in her hands, she clutched a long-stemmed blood red rose.

Since that time, Dakota residents have occasionally glimpsed the lady with the rose. Some claim the accusatory phantom appears only to married men who are neglecting their mistresses. Unfortunately for the philanderer unlucky enough to encounter the lovely lady with the rose, she is also visible to others, including his wife if

she happens to be present.

The crying lady

Without doubt, John Lennon was the most famous celebrity to call the Dakota home and while in the realm of the living, he saw at least one Dakota apparition.

The crying lady is occasionally encountered in the building's dark passageways and Lennon saw her just outside his seventh-floor apartment. "I came out one day and felt this weirdness around," Lennon explained. "I saw it sort of in the corner of my eye. I thought I saw it, but I wasn't quite sure. But then someone told me later about the ghost."



Her identity is unknown, but she has been seen over the years in just about every corridor of the building. So far as is known, this sad shade has never entered anyone's apartment.

Witnesses say the wraith appears in a grey, diaphanous gown and seems to be enveloped in a grey aura. The lady, who is sobbing

uncontrollably, disappears very quickly.

John Lennon Lives! - - at the Dakota

In 1975, when John Lennon and Yoko Ono purchased the seventh-floor apartment formerly owned by Robert and Jessie Ryan, one of the first things they did was conduct a seance. Jessie Ryan's spirit responded immediately and informed John and Yoko that she still considered the

apartment the home and had no intention of leaving. However, she said she would not interfere in their lives and they could live however they chose.

Yoko wasted no time telephoning Mrs. Ryan's daughter, Lisa, to let her know her mother was still happily domiciled at the Dakota. Lisa Ryan was not amused. Later, when relating his bizarre conversation with Yoko Ono to friends, Ms. Ryan declared, "If my mother's ghost belongs anywhere, it's here with me - -not with *them*!"

Since that fateful day in December, 1980, when John Lennon was assassinated just outside the Dakota, many have claimed to see his spirit. The *National Enquirer* and other newspapers have printed numerous articles concerning Lennon's ghost and books have been written about his postmortem babblings. Apparently, Mr. Lennon's spirit is quite loquacious.

Shawn Robbins, on assignment by the *National Enquirer*, was sitting outside the Dakota one afternoon in 1985, hoping to see or contact Lennon's spirit. "It was about 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon," she remembers. "At a distance, I could see energy waves like a body. I saw it where he was shot." According to Ms. Robbins, she has seen the ghost of the slain Beatle at other times. "When I'm on the West Side, I'll go by there out of curiosity and sometimes I see a fleeting image that looks like John Lennon.

In addition to hanging around the area where he was shot, Lennon's phantom has also been observed staring out the window of his ground floor studio and crossing from the Dakota to the "Imagine" mosaic in Central Park. Others claim they have seen him flash the peace sign at passers-by and a hot dog vendor heard the wraith singing "Give Peace a Chance." It has also been reported that Yoko Ono has observed

the spirit of her husband sitting at the piano in her Dakota apartment, much as he did when alive and, on occasion, he actually speaks to her.

Why John Lennon has chosen to return to the Dakota, a place he lived only five years, is anybody's guess. Perhaps there

is something about the formidable old building that attracts the spirits of the dead.

Submitted by GRS member: Lee Holloway,
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An Investigation

Maurice Schwalm

This is a report on two incomplete investigations. They are not incomplete because another visit is required. It is more that another visit would be



futile. The predictable performance of the ghost of Hamlet's father is a rarity in ranch houses. Maybe it's the lack of ramparts.

There were spectacular photographic results in the first house. We were called because the bed in the master

bedroom has penchant for moving. It is reported to move in two senses. Sometimes it seems to change positions on the floor and sometimes people seem to be walking across it or sitting on it. On a good day, it may just be the appearance of chicken tracks – and this in a brick ranch house that stands in an area that hasn't been farmland for at least a generation. But it does have hot and cold running tennyboppers who hear vague things rustling around outside their windows and in the basement.

Our strongest impressions were in that basement. It is filled with what one psychic called "spirit vermin" in her notes. There are also references to animal sacrifice being carried on in the area. I see a man who is in his fifties carrying on theatrical activities that somehow relate to power. He sardonically offers me

tickets to his next performance. At the time, I didn't quite realize what his act was. Then I started seeing young girls who had been hurt in one way or another. One had a beautiful profile. Then she turned her head and I could see a massive bruise below her mouth. She got that when she took a fall down a stairway that killed her. Well, she was doing drugs at the time. That was why she agreed to play altar in the first place, to get the drugs. She just didn't know it would hurt so much when they did all those things at the same time. After all, she had done worse before. But then there were those demons that kept coming around and acting like they owned her.

Our other story is of a teenage girl who kept seeing a girl who looked and dressed a lot like her at her dressing table - translucent, of course. We found the spirit of a very unattractive farm girl who had committed suicide after her husband had died in a hunting accident in the area. She refused to otherwise manifest herself to us. Her problem is she seeks acceptance from the live teenager. She's sort of right. She wouldn't get it if she revealed herself frankly. We aren't needed here.

Submitted by: Maurice Schwalm, PO Box 3522,
Kansas City, MO. 66103-0522.

REMEMBRANCES OF BACHELOR'S GROVE CEMETERY

Nancy Sena

Hiking the Bigfoot Trail as a Girl Scout at the age of eleven, I remember my troop leader reading from the little, blue brochure, ".....there have been sightings of a 'phantom house' that appears on the dirt trail leading to the cemetery entrance, only to disappear seconds later....". We cautiously teetered on the edge of the tiny trail that approached the cemetery from the back side, wondering if this was the "dirt trail" that the brochure referred to. There were wild, orange lilies running along the chain-link fence that enclosed the place. I remember their sweet smell was almost overwhelming. We turned a corner and there it was - Bachelors' Grove, the infamous, haunted resting place of souls long-forgotten. A notorious recreation area for drinking teens, vandals and cult members. Supposedly, one of the most haunted place in the country and definitely the most haunted place I had ever been to in my eleven years.

In October on 1999, nearly twenty years later, I made my second visit to Bachelor's Grove. It was near Halloween, and having always been interested in the paranormal and seeing so many photos of unusual things at the cemetery, I decided to go and see for myself what all the fuss was about. After all, when I went there as an eleven-year-old girl, I saw nothing unusual.

I called my sister, who was always up for any adventure, to see if she would go with me. Actually, I was just afraid to go by myself. She heartily agreed and we were off to the store to pick up some film and then to

pick up a friend of my sister's whom we thought would be entertaining, due to her timidity. It turned out, we were lucky to have her along, because neither my sister nor I had entered the cemetery from the turnpike and we probably would have entered somewhere else and walked the 13-mile Bigfoot Trail before we found the place.

We arrived at the forest preserve entrance at dusk and semi-bravely started down the partially paved road to the cemetery. It was a surprisingly short walk. I started to feel my age because things didn't seem as vast or grand as when I was a kid. When we arrived at the gates with our flashlight (in case we got lost in the dark) and our pocket knives (in case we were attacked by a satanic cult) we felt pretty stupid to see numerous average looking people strolling calmly though the headstones, and all at once I felt like a kid again. We had a good laugh and my sister stuffed the bulky flashlight in her coat pocket. I reached in my pocket and secretly closed the knife.

We found out that over the years, Bachelor's Grove had become a somewhat magical place - not remote and scary. There were people our age reading the toppled headstones thoughtfully and two older couples walking hand-in-hand, doing the same. Someone had even laid a single carnation and a small votive candle on each headstone in memorial. On one headstone, we found a folded note, and despite a bit of guilt, read it. It was a letter politely asking

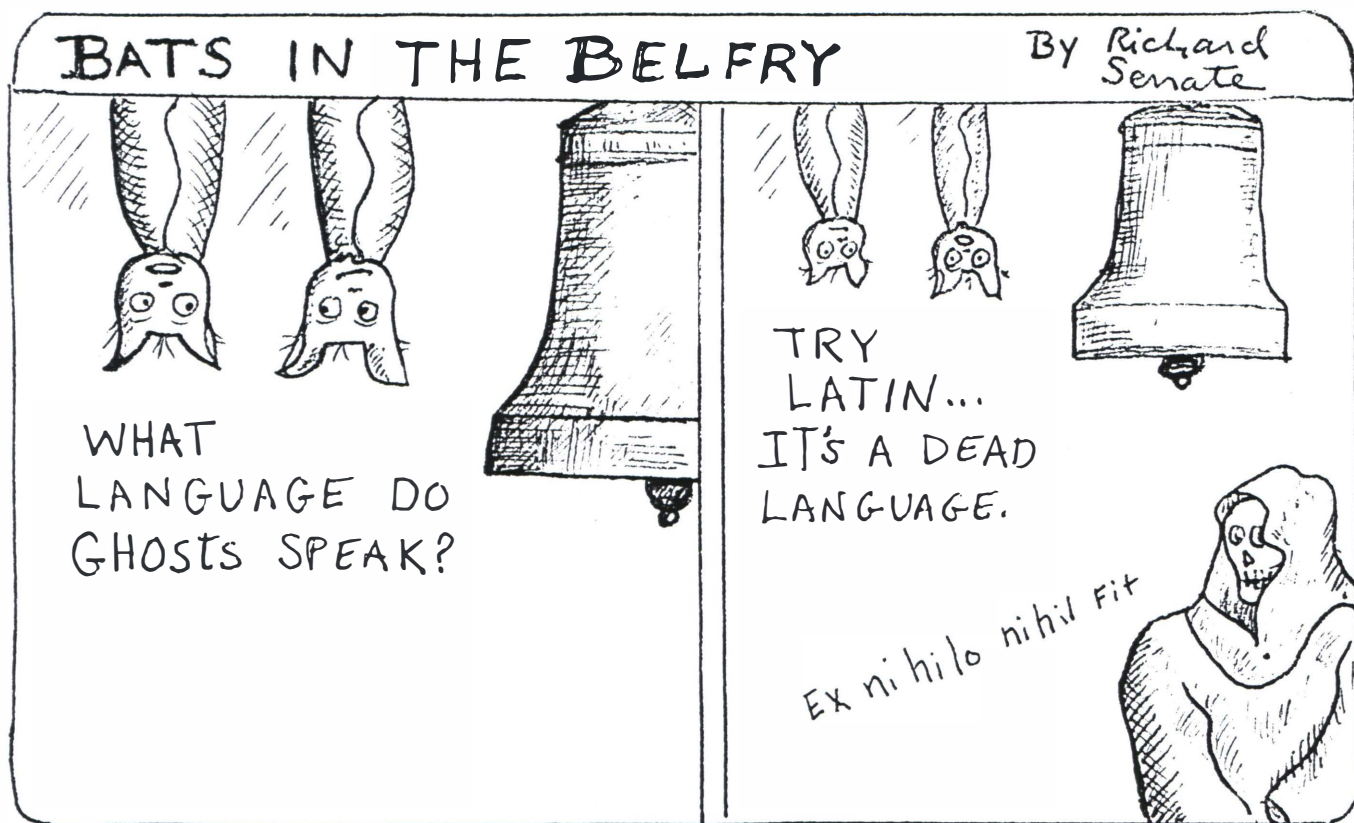
vandals to respect the sanctity of the place. By the handwriting and the grammar it seemed to have been written by someone at about the age that most people are committing vandalism. It also let us know who had left flowers. It was a sweet and touching gesture that rivaled the one we witnessed at a headstone simply marked, "Infant Daughter". Someone had arranged a couple of toys in front of it and a little plastic figure was Scotch-taped directly to the marker. Having just miscarried a baby girl, I had a hard time quelling my sadness. To spare me an emotional scene, my sister quickly turned away and pointed out the adjacent lagoon fabled to have been a dumping ground for many a mob enemy in the 30s. As we headed for the lagoon, our friends cell phone rang, and my sister and I exchanged impish glances. "Who could that be?" we breathed. "ooo-oo-o-o-o-ooo..."

It was just her husband.

In our hunt for ghosts, we took as

many pictures of headstones and secluded areas as one roll of film could afford. When our film was gone we headed back out the gate. I felt an odd kinship with the people meandering in and out. They came to glimpse the supernatural or to have a good scare, but they left with the same feeling I left with. A feeling of compassion for the people buried there, because by the neglected condition of the place, it truly seemed that they had been forgotten. After a moment of contemplation I realized that the people of Bachelor's Grove would never be forgotten - not as long as the legends of strange lights, phantom houses and spectral figures live on. It would always be a place that people came to experience what lay beyond, a place where the living and the dead walk in the hope of reaching each other.

Submitted by: Nancy Sena from Chicago, Illinois.



96 Richard Senate

A Haunting Around the Corner?

Mark H. Gordon

On the southeast corner of Saint Charles Road and Taft Street in Berkeley, Illinois is a small plot of land that had been set aside as a cemetery in the mid-1800s. The same size as any other house lot, now on the block, the cemetery was once part of the Bohlander Family's farm which bordered a bit of St. Charles Road.

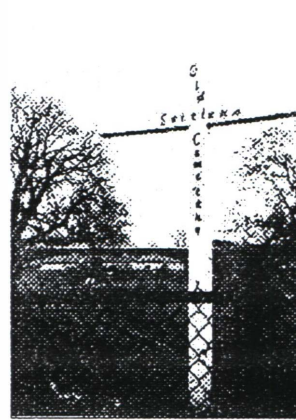
This small cemetery, which a passerby wouldn't even notice, was brought to my attention by Mrs. Joan B. Otis who lived just blocks from it for nearly 20 years during the 1960s, 70s and 80s. A mother of three, she passed it innumerable times taking her children to and from the library, park, school, shopping, and her mother-in-laws house just a block south of the cemetery.



Mrs. Joan B. Otis

Mrs. Otis' interest in the cemetery was sparked by the clean-up efforts undertaken in 1968 to restore the cemetery. Although appearing not quite organized, she watched neighborhood teens, working for the summer, cleaning the cemetery, clearing

debris, cutting grass, pulling weeds, and irreverently piling monuments and markers up on a pile near the corner of the cemetery.



Cross Marker erected in 1968 at the corner of St. Charles Rd. & Taft St.

Passing the cemetery one afternoon, on the way to the store, she stopped to look at a terrible sight. A pile of markers and monuments stacked about 4 feet high in a heap, where the cross now stands at St. Charles Road and Taft Street. She passed, hearing the youths being scolded for having done it. They were told to put them back, but since having done it, they didn't know which graves they belonged to.

While passing, she also overheard the adults giving directions, telling the youths that the soil wasn't to be disturbed, since some of the people resting in the cemetery had died of a fever, and the soil was not to be disturbed for 100 years or more.

Whether this was true or not, no one

seems to know. A locked fence prevents anyone from entering it, just the same. It has always been that way, as far as she could remember, and still is to this very day.

This story remained in the back of her mind for the last 31 years, until she passed the story on to me, resulting in some interesting researching.

No story like this is complete without a little mundane history lesson, so here it is.

According to local history, a Mr. Daniel Diebert originally purchased the land grant from the government, although I haven't been able to find a date for the transfer. As the story continues, years later, Peter Bohlander purchased the portion of that land which bordered St. Charles Road in 1835 for his wife and children, after a 56 day ocean voyage from Bavaria.

After 13 difficult winters, Mr. Bohlander decided to set aside a portion of his land as a cemetery in 1848. It was then called the Bohlander Family Burial Ground.

Thereafter, already used by his family, he donated it publicly for others from the area to use for their loved ones.

For an unknown reason, a twist becomes apparent in 1934, when Mrs. Bader and Mrs. Thomas copied the cemetery records, and even commented in the cover page the fact that Mr. Bohlander's generosity didn't seem to interest his own town's people, since many of the people (other than his then immediate family which numbers only 8) buried in the cemetery were residents of York and Addison Townships in DuPage County, rather than his own Proviso Township in Cook County. Once recorded, the cemetery records were placed with DuPage County rather than Cook, since most of those interred were residents of DuPage, and not from the area.

After going through a list of those

buried in the cemetery, no patterns of deaths seems apparent to have been an epidemic of a "fever". The local library hasn't any records to reflect one, but the story remains with the closed fence.

It should be noted that around the 1850s, Chicago did have a smallpox epidemic which was responsible for filling cemeteries near Lake Michigan in downtown Chicago. As a result of park expansion and health problems due to the lake water invading some of the cemeteries close to the beach, some of those cemeteries were moved because of lake water contamination. This included the cemeteries including the paupers cemetery having been located on land of the Cardinal's Mansion and the apartment across the street on North State Street. Many of these graves were moved to other cemeteries including Chicago's Graceland Cemetery on North Clark Street.

Just the same, the President of Berkeley, in 1927, Mr. Frederick Falhauber banned future burials to the cemetery. As far as anyone can remember, a closed and locked fence has always surrounded the cemetery, and only grounds keepers have ever been allowed to enter. This is also noted in a newspaper clipping about the cemetery.

Also, according to local history, the cemetery had been allowed to fall into disrepair. Many people in Berkeley had considered it an eyesore for many years, and had even hoped of seeing it abandon so it would revert back to the village or become available for public sale.

Mrs. Otis remembers hearing that a developer had been looking at it in the early 1980s, but was told it wasn't available, and the bodies couldn't be relocated.

Developing the lot would present a problem, since it would require the moving

of about 71 graves, most of which have no stones to mark their locations. And all for a lot that would hold only one home. A store could be put there, but there wouldn't be any parking area available unless it was very tiny. Of the 71 graves documented as being located on the cemetery's land, only about 20 or so stones are left.

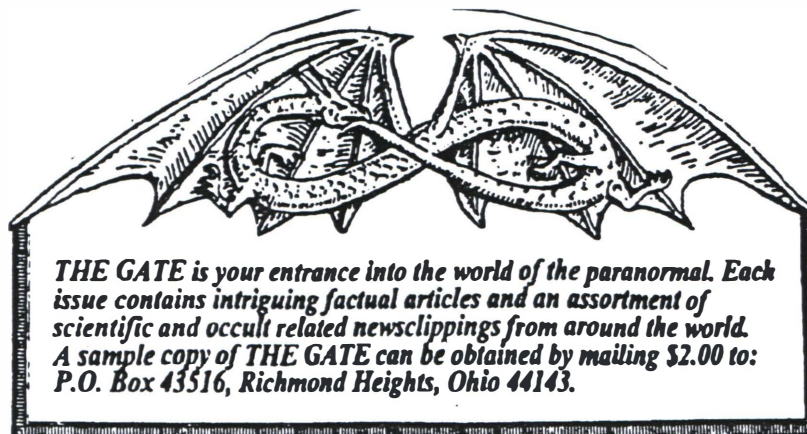
Further local stories mention that vandals were paid to destroy and desecrate the property in a hope that the cemetery would be abandoned.

With the removal of headstones, the history of a lack of respect, is a haunting possible at this location? Other cemeteries have seen hauntings as a result of removal of headstones. Many of these people laying here were either young children or younger people who died in the prime of life.

As far as Mrs. Otis knows, no one had ever seen a ghost at this location, except that its fence had been hit a few times by passing cars back in the 1970s.

Submitted by: Mark H. Gordon, GRS member from Berwyn, Illinois.

Mark H. Gordon holds a Bachelor of Arts degree in Roman Catholic Theology, Church History, Biblical Studies and Elementary Education. He is a licensed teacher with an Illinois endowment in upper-grade and Junior High School reading and language arts. He has taught Religion, Mathematics, and Computer Science in the Archdiocese of Chicago Catholic School System, along with holding such positions as Religion Coordinator, Assistant to the Principal, School Librarian, School Publisher, etc. He is currently a Reference Librarian and Branch Manager for a suburban public library. Mark has also had articles on local history published in local newspapers.





Reader's Stories

Hello. First let me say that you have come highly recommended and your opinion on my recent experiences would be greatly appreciated.

About a week ago I began to detect clicking sounds emanating from the walls. I noticed that the noises start right around eleven o'clock p.m. and lasts through the night. The noises change position throughout the bedroom. They occur mostly in the bath, attached to the master bedroom, and also on the opposite side of the bedroom.

I also noticed a change in speed, tone and volume with the clicking. Members of my family came over and deliberately tried to hear it. There was nothing. As the bedroom emptied to just myself and boyfriend, the clicking started, a little before 11 p.m. At that time we were able to bring my family back into the room one at a time for them to hear. The only distinctive pattern is the time in which it occurs typically when I settle into bed.

One of my cats also has acted strangely around the bathroom area where the noises have originated. He seemed to be very on edge.

Please let me know what you think this may be. I've ruled out normal mechanical explanations, plumbing, electrical, etc.

Chauntelle thru email.

My name is Heather and we corresponded

on and on, but you really don't remember me. Anyway, this morning I had some phenomena happen. My son is two-years-old and he had gotten up. He's still in a crib and on the side of the crib is the window. He likes to play with the blinds. (They're plastic and the strings are tied out of reach.) He was playing nicely when he started screaming "MINE". Well, there's no one else in the room, so I dismissed it. Then I heard another voice saying "MINE" back to him. So I got up and of course no one else is there or outside. I took him out and had my morning coffee and smoke while thinking what I wanted to do. I grabbed my digital camera and took pictures. The first part of the pictures are filled with a bright white light, like the sun is beating down into the room. In one of those pictures, there is a blue mist under my older sons bed. He sleeps on a loft bed so there is room underneath. My older son spent the night by his grandparents so he's not home. If you like, I will send you the pic as an attachment.

Heather thru email from Bensenville, IL.

Dale,

Five years ago I was staying at the Grand Hotel on Mackinaw Island in Northern Michigan. Three of my girlfriends and I were staying together in one room, just about to go to sleep, when a young (slightly glowing) woman of slender build walked slowly through our hotel room. Each of us saw the woman and were able to draw exact pictures of the woman including what she was wearing without even discussing that detail. When I returned to my home in Lansing I called the Grand Hotel to see if they had had any reports of ghosts. They became very angry with me and adamantly denied that the hotel was haunted. The night

I saw that woman has remained in my mind so vividly that I speak of the experience often. Have you heard anything about the Grand Hotel being haunted? I know very little about the hotel other than it was where Christopher Reeves shot that movie *Somewhere In Time*.

Unfortunately, I do not remember the room number in which I was staying, but I do recall that it was on the top floor which I believe is three and it was a room that was above and to the east of the entrance. My boyfriend assures me that he has heard many stories about that hotel being haunted and that it doesn't get very much publicity because the owners want to keep it quiet.

Laura thru email.

Editor:

Sorry, I, too, have not heard any specific stories relating to hauntings occurring in the Grand Hotel. It would, however, be beneficial to get the room number in which you stayed when you had your encounter. You mentioned you are planning on returning....it might be a good idea to try to get the same room, if possible and to go spelunking thru the local libraries for possible newspaper articles concerning the hotel.

The story of Fenton Park (the short one).

There was an old house that was abandoned in the woods. No path, no street, just a house in the woods. One of my friends went up to the house for a look around. He went inside to find old poems and TV guides, so he brings back one of his friends later that week. His friend wouldn't go near the house. While they were standing outside they saw a dark figure through the window.

Being the little shit my friend was, he pulled out a slingshot and shot the figure. Nothing happened. He did it again and nothing happened. The third time the dark figure dropped to the ground and out of sight. He went into the house to investigate while his friends stand outside. He runs to the third floor, looks out the window down on his friends only to see them pointing and yelling hysterically. So he runs down the stairs to his friends. His one friend said didn't you see that woman behind you. They looked up to see an old woman looking out of the same window my friend was just at. They ran away screaming.

Many months pass and my friend goes back only to find the house gone without a trace and a huge thorn bush growing in its place! I've been there in August of 1990 and was able to see my breath! On tape I have someone saying "SHSHSHSHSH" and from the angle it was shot you can see my shadow and I'm no where near the microphone at the time. We've heard swooshing sounds overhead, seen a strange orange-red glowing dot in the woods and shadowy people.

Don thru email.

Mr. Kaczmarek,

I saw you on a ghost special on the Discovery Channel. I am intrigued by shows of this nature due to the fact that my wife and I had some strange disturbances while spending the night at a friend's home in Chicago's northwest suburbs. We were alone in the house dog sitting. A sort of howling sound began shortly before we went to bed that the dog heard too. Being that I never really believed in ghosts before this night I thought that there must be some explanation so I tried to find the source of the sound and it sounded like it was coming

from just outside the second floor bedroom window.

I went outside repeatedly to try to locate the sound. It was an extremely calm night and I heard nothing. Each time I went back in the house, my wife said that the sound had continued the entire time I was outside. To make a long story short, we tried to find the source of the sound for over three hours and could not. My wife tries to play devil's advocate and says maybe they were animals in the attic or something but I'm an avid outdoors man and have had raccoons and squirrels in my attic and this was definitely not an animal.

The next night there were no sounds and next morning my wife went to work and when I went to go up the stairs to the second floor, there was a stuffed animal sitting at the top of the stairs.

My first instinct was that it was one of the dogs toys. I then went to round the corner to the bedroom and one of the two double doors to the bedroom was closed. This was very unusual because the door that was closed is always open against the wall and it was open when I left that morning. Then I came to find out that the stuffed animal was on a shelf approximately six feet high in a place that the dog could not have gotten to it and the dog had never played with it in the past.

I also found out that the stuffed animal was obtained by my friend for donating to a missing children's fund. Since then we haven't spent the night there but there have been some strange occurrences since. One time the friend showed us the stuffed animal for some reason just before we went out to eat and then we saw he put it on a shelf behind a television about six feet in the air. When we came back from lunch, the animal was in the middle of the floor of the family

room. Also, someone spending the night there got locked in another bedroom despite there being no lock on the door. Our friends had to take the door knob off to get the person out. Another person heard a thumping in his ear for about 30 seconds that scared him.. There is an area in an upstairs wall where the drywall has been dug into approximately 3/4 of an inch and is about 1.5 inches in diameter. Our friends think the dog did it but I've never heard of a dog doing something like that. My wife has subtly asked our friends if they have ever heard any unusual sounds and they say they haven't. We never told them about our experience that one night because my wife doesn't want to alarm them.

Do any of these experiences sound like something you've seen before? Could there be some logical explanation?

Also, I was wondering if there might be some kind of past to this house that I might be able to look into?

Jim thru email

Editor:

There could be a lot of possible natural explanations such as animals in the walls or ceilings like rats or other small rodents.

The howling sounds could be caused by a fireplace or chimney but that is something to be explored if the house has no fireplaces.

The past history of homes is something everyone should explore if they feel their home or another's is haunted. You can get a lot of information from your local city hall about the previous owners of the property...and historical societies or old neighbors for strange past events, murders, suicides or previous occupants possible problems as well.

I am writing to you in reference to needing your assistance. I watched a program the other night about ghosts. Your organization was one of the organizations reviewed on this program. My husband and I were more impressed with your findings and the way that you do things, that my husband encouraged me to contact you.

We moved into a house in Midland, Maryland in August of 1999. Everything was quiet there for the first couple of months. Then one night in October, I was laying in bed on my side of the bed, saying my prayers, when it felt as if someone pushed down on the side of the bed and was looking over at me. I thought that maybe my husband had come home from work early and was checking to see if I was still awake. But when I turned around, no one was there. I didn't think anything of it until about a week later. I was again laying in bed on my side, saying my prayers. I was really upset about a few things that had happened that day, and was praying about them. All of a sudden a hand started patting me on the hip. When I turned to see who it was, no one was there.

I told my husband about these incidents and he just kind of laughed. Then one night when I was away from home, he got a little taste of what I was talking about. He had gone to bed and wasn't quite asleep. He was laying on his back with one of his arms stretched partway on my side of the bed. All of a sudden, a hand slapped his arm as to move it. He looked and no one was there. Once his arm was off of my side of the bed, then everything was fine.

I grew up in a house of ghosts. My parents house is very haunted. There is always something going on in that house. It is also located in Midland, Maryland. In my mother's house, things have moved, lights

have turned off and on, items have been hidden, and many other things. My daughter and niece won't go upstairs in my mother's house alone. When I go upstairs in her house, I can feel the presence of others there. In my house, I can only feel the presence of someone else in my bedroom. I guess I just need to be reassured that these are ghosts in both of these houses and not our imagination. My mother's house was the first house built in the area. All of the rest of the land was apple orchards.

I am hoping to hear from you in the near future. Thank you for your time.

Beverly thru email

We recently bought a house that a 40ish woman suddenly and unexpectedly dropped dead in. Though my life seems to have had lots of ghosts in it this is the first time I have truly been scared. About three nights ago, something pushed down the bedcovers next to my feet. I was too scared to open my eyes and recoiled into a ball and felt terrified. I don't remember ever being this afraid of a ghost before and I am interested in freeing myself from this haunt. We took photographs when we painted the dinning room and they have smokey things all throughout the picture but not on the other pictures in the roll. I honestly don't know what I am dealing with here but it has become annoying and a constantly increasingly uneasy feeling and flashes in the corner of the eye sightings are daily now.

Anonymous thru email

Spirit Photography Page



I saw you guys on the Discovery Channel and was impressed with the technology that you used to attempt to capture images of strange phenomena. Like many programs that I see, I enjoy and then put aside in my memory. However recently, two friends, their boys and myself camped for the last weekend of hunting season in a primitive camp(which is also an old Indian campground) in the Osceola National Forest near our homes in north Florida. I thought that I would record some of the normal camping events so I took along my 1.3 megapixel digital camera. When everyone was back in camp at dusk I shot a few random photos and when I returned home on Sunday I downloaded the images to MGI Photosuite and observed a strange phenomena that no at camp noticed including myself who took the photos. Note the strange orbs in both photos and if you look closely you will detect what appears to be others beginning to take shape. Strange! I am attaching the two photos in question with the hope that perhaps you may place some light on this mystery.

Tom B. from Interlachen, Florida.



On Nov. 1998 there was going to be a meteor storm and my youngest son wanted to try to capture the meteors by camera. He used a throw-away Kodak 400ASA camera. There were no clouds and it was around 7 p.m.

Book Reviews

Ghosts! Personal Accounts of Modern Mississippi Hauntings by Sylvia Booth Hubbard (Quail Ridge Press, PO Box 123, Brandon, MS. 39043, 800-343-1583, soft-cover, 1992, 143 pages, \$9.95, ISBN: 0-937552-46-1)

The first book that I was able to come across devoted strictly to ghost stories from Mississippi. Many of the stories related in this book have never appeared anywhere before while some are well-deserved repeats. The book is lavishly illustrated with lots of photographs depicting the houses and stately mansions in question and taken by her husband Robert. These starkly beautiful black and white pictures, with no artificial special effects to mar their power, capture the aura of the ghostly settings.

From Vicksburg to Hattiesburg and Columbus, to Jackson and Philadelphia (Mississippi, that is), the author takes the reader all around Mississippi in a no nonsense way. Intermingled with episodes from the Civil War, this book stands as the best, and only, book devoted exclusively to this very pro-Confederate state. Surely not to be missed and I enjoyed it very much myself.

Rated a 7 in a 1-10 scale

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Spirits of Frederick by Alyce T. Weinberg (PO Box 175, Braddock Heights, MD. 21714-0175, soft-cover, 1992, 100 pages, \$7.95, ISBN: 0-960455-21-3)

Spirits of Frederick is in it's second

updated edition and includes all the original stories from the 1979 edition plus nine additional stories written by the author in her later life. She died in 1987 at the age of 81 and the book has been carried forward by her loving son, Al.

There are many interesting stories, many again relating back to the Civil War. It seems that most states east of the Mississippi had been touched in some way by the battle between the North and the South, and some ghost stories just logically seem to fit in as well.

Many private homes are discussed as well as some public places and local legends including the snallygaster which was said to be a quick spirit, part reptile, part bird. It was also said to have long talons, a scaly body, a tail like a lizard, short legs and viselike jaws like a crocodile.

I especially enjoyed the stories relating to Civil War ghosts including the Battle of Balls Bluff, Sir Edward and The Haunted Mountain. Illustrated with pictures and illustrations, it's a sure winner!

Rated a 6 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Missouri Ghosts: Spirits, Haunts & Related Lore by Joan Gilbert (Pebble Publishing, PO Box 431, Columbia, MO. 65205-0431, 800-576-7322, pebble@showmestate.com, soft-cover, 1997, 227 pages, \$14.95, ISBN: 0-9646625-7-4)

The first book that I have come

across entirely devoted to Missouri ghosts and it's nicely divided into chapters: Neighborhood Ghosts, Out in the Country, Springfield, The Ozarks, Columbia & Boone County, Ghosts in a Row, Riverside Ghosts, Otherworldly Others, In the City, Haunted Houses, Haunted Horses (and other creatures), Three Great Mysteries and When a Body Meets a Nonbody.

The stories are short but straight to the point without embellishments or rehashing previously known material. Several famous ghost locations are visited including: St. Charles, the Epperson House, the Lemp Mansion, Lilac Hill, the James Family Farm, and the infamous Spook Light near Joplin.

The author also touches on the Patience Worth phenomena, Mark Twain and ghosts, Arrow Rock and the many ghosts of Kansas City, St. Louis and Independence. Every even-numbered page contains quotes about the supernatural and ghosts from authors, poets and other famous individuals.

I enjoyed this book as well but wished there could have been some pictures or illustrations to go along with the many stories. Good.

Rated a 5 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Ghostly Tales of Southwest Minnesota by Ruth D. Hein (Quixote Press, RR#4, Box 33B, Blvd. Station, Sioux City, IA. 51109, soft-cover, 1989, 173 pages, \$9.95, ISBN: 1-878488-14-7)

A small but interesting book immensely illustrated with clipart and dedicated to a relatively small region of

Minnesota. The entire state is not represented here but surely most, if not all, of the ghost tales of the southwestern portion of Minnesota are included within. In trying for a variety of ghostly tales the author found one from pioneer times, one from the days of the Underground Railroad, and some set in historic or abandoned buildings, ghost towns and cemeteries.

Other tales came from the home lives of individuals and their families. There are some stories from the long-ago days, but others are contemporary ghosts.

There are stories of haunted cemeteries, rocking chairs, ghostly lights, windmills and strange locales, such as Deadman's Hill. I believe the author did an excellent job in brining southwest Minnesota into the paranormal spotlight!

Rated a 6 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Graveyards of Chicago by Matt Huckle & Ursula Bielski (Lake Claremont Press, PO Box 25291, Chicago, IL. 60625, www.lakeclaremont.com, softbound, 1999, 230 pages, \$15.00, ISBN: 0-9642426-4-8)

The long-awaited book has finally arrived. Graveyards of Chicago is the definitive work on the people, history, art and lore of Cook County (Illinois) cemeteries. For those who have visited either the GRS website (www.ghostresearch.org) or (www.graveyards.com) will instantly recognize Matt Huckle. His excellent site was the starting block for this truly superior work. Besides having his own website, Huckle designed the GRS website.

You may also recognize the name

Ursula Bielski from her fine book *Chicago Haunts*, she assisted in the production and research of Graveyards of Chicago.

The list of cemeteries are divided geographically by North, West, South, Burials Not in Cemeteries and Outlying Sites.

Be prepared for a bombardment of your senses as Hucke and Bielski take you into each and every cemetery pointing out, through excellent photographs, the hidden and not-so-hidden history and lore even touching a bit on the supernatural in some locales. Of course people make a cemetery and the book wouldn't be complete without mentioning the many famous and not-so-famous people who are interred within the confines of these burial grounds.

And, surely, art and architecture has been designed to attract the visitor and make him or her return again and again.

If you are a cemetery aficionado then you must not pass up the wonderful book. A must!!

Rated a 10 in a 1-10 scale!

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Haunted Illinois: Ghost & Hauntings from Egypt to the Windy City by Troy Taylor (Whitechapel Productions Press, 515 E. Third St., Alton, IL. 62002, 618-465-1086, www.prairieghosts.com, softbound, 1999, 288 pages, \$19.95, ISBN: 1-892523-01-9)

I've said it before and I'll say it again, "Here we go again". How does Taylor continue to produce one quality book after another? Perhaps only the spirits know for sure! *Haunted Illinois* is truly another top-notch, in-depth look into The Land of

Lincoln state.

Taylor takes you an a paranormal history lesson from Illinois' beginnings, right up to present-day hauntings and happenings. I pride myself on my Chicago and Illinois history but there was much that I learned while reading this work that I found to be quite amazing.

One startling area which was utterly fascinating was the chapter on Lincoln and the trials and tribulations after he died and how many times his body was moved, reburied and looked upon, just to be sure he was still entombed in his coffin.

Other chapters delve into early Illinois, Little Egypt, Decatur, Springfield, Alton and Chicago. I highly recommend this book to anyone interested in Illinois ghost stories, as it goes to show that ghosts can be found anywhere throughout the state! A truly marvelous collection!

Rated a 9 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Haunted Kansas: Ghost Stories & Other Eerie Tales by Lisa Hefner Heitz (University Press of Kansas, Lawrence, KS. 66049, softbound, 1997, 215 pages, ISBN: 0-7006-0930-X)

A number of the books reviewed in this issue were purchased thru the AGS Conference last year and this is yet another first for the state of Kansas. *Haunted Kansas* tirelessly weaves the tales House Ghosts (Haunted Houses & Buildings), Fort Ghosts, School and Theater Ghosts, Graveyard Ghosts, Ghosts on the Range, Ghostly Oddities and The Most Haunted Town in Kansas: Atchison.

Since I've never had the opportunity

of visiting Kansas, many of these stories were new to me but presented in a way that coaxes the avid ghost hunter to plan a trip one year for future investigation.

There are many eerie tales and some lore and legends spun in for good measure. Some such as The Glowing Tombstone, The Legends of Witches Hollow, Mystic Cow Lights and The Legend of Molly's Hollow in Jackson Park may simply be that – legends. While most of the other stories appear to be sufficiently researched to pass as actual encounters with ghosts and spirits.

I was especially delighted with the stories on The Holmes Ghost Light, The Albino Woman, The Old Stone House and The Ghost of Custer. Ghost lights, cemetery ladies and battlefield ghosts have always fascinated me and there are plenty to satisfy most appetites.

Rated a 6 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

San Diego Specters: Ghosts, Poltergeists and Phantasmic Tales by John J. Lamb (Sunbelt Publications, PO Box 191126, San Diego, CA. 92159-1126, 619-258-4911, softbound, 1999, 174 pages, \$12.95, ISBN: 0-932653-32-4)

Lamb's first book and it's a great one! John Lamb is the Area Research Director in California for the GRS and his tireless research pays off in this truly remarkable and fascinating book.

While I've never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Lamb, he is a regular contributor to this publication and I've often spoke with him over the phone. He's truly one of the nicest persons you'd ever want to meet and most helpful. Southern California

is chocked full of ghosts, poltergeists and legends and Mr. Lamb has brought these out to the public in a manner similar to a travelers guidebook. Directions are given to the various sites as well as addresses but most importantly, the wishes of the owners whether they want to be bothered or not by amateur ghost-hunters. Not all haunted sites are haunted with the blessings of the owners, so please abide with their wishes of privacy.

A great number of photographs further enhance this already great book as well as a brief primer of ghost encounters at the back of the book.

Don't miss this one!!

Rated an 8 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Ghosts: Appearances of the Dead & Cultural Transformation by R.C.

Finucane (Prometheus Books, 59 John Glenn Dr., Amherst, NY. 14228-2197, softbound, 1996, 232 pages, ISBN: 1-57392-068-1)

A philosophical and historical look at ghosts and apparitions throughout the ages. Chapters include: Classical Ghosts, Christianity & Early-Medieval Revenants, Purgatory, Penance & the Restless Dead in the Latter Middle Ages, Reformation Controversies: Demons & Ghosts, Baroque Hauntings of the 17th Century, Enlightenment & Atheism, The Thirst for Immortality and 20th Century Ghosts.

A book for those historians interested in the progression of ghost beliefs and theories and how they affected the current mainstream populace at the time. Belief structures and religious beliefs are also explored in this fascinating work..

Rated a 5 in a 1-10 scale by Dale Kaczmarek

Classified

Weird New Jersey is published two times a year in May and October by Weird NJ Inc., and can be found at various locations throughout New Jersey. It can also be ordered by contacting: Weird NJ, PO Box 1346, Bloomfield, NJ. 07003 or online at: www.weirdnj.com.

A fascinating publication devoted to weird, obscure, ghostly and just strange items in and around New Jersey. Don't miss it!

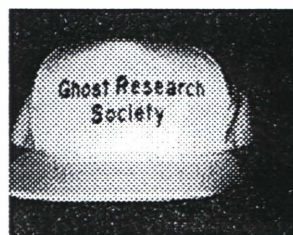
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